Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.
War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.
Lewis. VVhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lewis. VVhat, is his loue to our Sister *Bona*?
War. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe haue often heard him ſay and ſweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties ſunne,
Exempt from enuy, but not from diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lew. Then ſiſter let vs heare your firme reſolue.
Bona. Your grant or deniall ſhall be mine,
But ere this day I muſt confeſſe, when I
Haue heard your Kings deſerts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to deſire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to the Engliſh King.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the Engliſh King.
War. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his eaſe,
VVhere hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe,
And as for you your ſelfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your ſtate,
And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a Poſte within.

Lewis. Heere comes ſome Poſte *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.
Poſte. My Lord ambaſſador, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, Marqueſſe *Montague*.
This from our King, vnto your Maieſty.
And theſe to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtreſſe,

Smiles

Smiles at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets at his.
P. Ed. And marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were ne
Lew. Now *Margaret* & *Warwicke*, what are your n
Queen. Mine is ſuch, as fils my heart with ioy.
War. Mine, full of ſorrow and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What, hath your King married the Lady Gra
And now to excuſe himſelfe, ſends vs a poſte of paper
How dares he preſume to vſe vs thus?
Qu. This prooueth *Edwards* loue, and *Warwickes* h
War. King Lewis, I heere proteſt in ſight of heauen
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of Edwards.
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
And moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of Yorke,
My father came to an vntimely death?
Did I let paſſe the abuſe done to thy Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
And thruſt King *Henry* from his natiue home?
And (moſt vngratefull) doth he vſe me thus?
My gracious Queene, pardon what is paſt,
And henceforth I am thy true ſeruitor:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Q. Yes *Warwick*, Ile quite forget thy former faults
If now thou wilt become King *Henries* friend.
War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh vs
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride ſhall ſuccour him.
Lew. Then at the laſt I firmly am reſolu'd
You ſhall haue aide: and Engliſh meſſenger, returne
In poſt, and tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.